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MUSINGS ON GUARD

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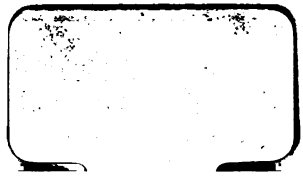

MUSINGS ON GUARD.

Musings on Guard.

BY

FRANK FELIX,

CAPTAIN.

LONDON:
T. HATCHARD, 187 PICCADILLY.
1858.

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PREFACE.

THE Author of the accompanying Sketches on Guard indulges in the hope that there are ſome readers to whom they may be acceptable.

Having found, during a lengthened ſervice, the moſt cheerful occupation of time in compoſition, eſpecially when alone on guard, it would be a great pleaſure to him if he ſhould ſucceed in inducing others to follow his example, and jot down their thoughts; for

"Idea is a ſhadow that departeth;
Speech is fleeting as the wind;
Reading is an unremembered paſtime;
Writing is eternal, for therein the dead heart liveth."

And how gratifying it muſt be to any Author to think that, after he has paſſed away, ſome gentle hearts may at times peruſe his writings with pleaſure, and think of him with affection.

FRANK FELIX.

Welleſley Houſe, May 1858.

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THE WIDOW.

A Ballad of the War.

Part I.

I.

WHERE is my own papa, mamma,
He is ſo long away?
Say, will he ſoon come back, mamma,
And with us ever ſtay?
He ſaid that he would ſoon come back,
That the war would ſoon be done;
When he preſſed me in his arms, mamma,
And called me his own dear ſon.

11

II.

I ſaw him mount his charger,
He gave a deep-drawn ſigh;
But, ah! the blood ruſhed to his cheek
When it came to the laſt good-by.
His voice was faltering as he ſaid,
"Beloved, be of good cheer,
And I'll come back to thee again
Before another year."

III.

Then the band poured forth a glorious ſtrain,
And they marched ſo gay along;
Each ſoldier ſeemed as if he felt
The ſpirit of the ſong.
And ſome one ſaid of thoſe gay hearts
That now with ardour burn,
Ere yet another ſummer comes,
How many may return!

IV.

Then winter came, and winter's gone,
The ſummer comes again;
And is he now far, far away,
Over the dark blue main?

The ſummer comes again, the flowers
  Are blooming o'er the lea;
But more than all the ſummer flowers
  My own papa to me.

v.

He ſaid the war would ſoon be o'er,
  He would come back again
Before the ſpring in beauty decked
  The wild-flowers o'er the plain;
But yeſterday I brought to thee
  Of daiſies and of bells
A little garland gathered in
  The lovely hawthorn dells.

Part II.

I.

Oh! why ſhould you be ſad, mamma,
  When of papa I ſpeak?
And why away ſo quickly flies
  The colour from your cheek?

Is it becauſe the winds are high,
And may his barque delay?
The wind ſo ſtrong may change again
Before another day.

II.

Or is it, that ſo far away
Some danger may be near?—
Some danger that you know not of,
And yet perchance do fear?
Oh, ſing, mamma, the pretty ſong
Ye oft have ſung to me,—
"Fear not, but truſt in Providence
Wherever thou may'ſt be!"

III.

But do not let thoſe tear-drops come,
For how can I be glad
If I ſee thee, my own mamma,
So ſorrowful and ſad?
I ſoon will grow; and then, mamma,
Unto thee I will be
As good, and generous, and kind
As my papa to me.

IV.

She claſped her child within her arms,
  She preſſed him to her breaſt,
And told him with a burſting heart
  His father was at reſt;
That on the field of battle,
  In victory's full tide,
He ſank into the arms of Death,
  And for his country died.

V.

She knew it was no treach'rous wind
  Delayed the dear one's track;
O'er the dark main no more again
  Could he, her love, come back.
In the battle's tide, torn from her ſide,
  Still—in Death's cold ſleep;
Well may her fears be told in tears,
  Well may the widow weep.

OH, HOWL, YE WINDS!

A Ballad of Winter.

I.

Oh, howl, ye winds, ſo mournfully,
I like your lonely wail;
For, ſeated by the brightſome fire,
Ye cannot me aſſail.
Ye mind me well of former joys,—
Of joys long paſſed and fled,
And make me linger mournfully
On memory of the dead.

II.

So patter on the blackened panes,
Ye little drops of rain;
What noiſe ye make in ſolitude,
Driven by the wind amain!
Borne on its angry boſom,
Ye tell the night is drear;
A time for thoſe in want of home,
Or ſheltered roof to fear.

III.

The wind is rumbling dolefully
  Upon the chimney's height,
And brings unto my viſion
  The ſad and doleful ſight
Of mariner toſſed turbidly
  Upon the boiling foam;
Ah! who can tell in ſtormy nights
  How oft the thought of home?

IV.

Around Britannia's happy iſle
  I wiſt how many ſleep
Entombed within thy ſilent waſtes,
  Ye caverns of the deep?
On ſuch a night oft, oft the gale
  Has borne the ſhriek of woe,
And witneſſed in mad deſpair
  The laſt convulſive throe.

V.

Oft, oft upon the treacherous ſand
  The barque was ſeen at night;
And when the morn again appeared,
  No veſtige to the ſight.

In the wild tempeſt's agony,
When harbour was full nigh,
They periſhed in the ſtormy night,
Unheard their bitter cry.

VI.

I think now of the village kirk,
And of the tenants there
Who walked with me in youth's gay time
When all was bright and fair;
But ſuddenly the bow was bent,
The ſhaft was ſtraight and true,
And ſuddenly they ſlept beneath
The lonely churchyard yew.

VII.

Oh, ſad the fate that took them thus
In morning of their prime,
When youthful hopes and youthful blood
Regardleſs ſeemed of Time?
But time has paſſed, and "now" I know
That youth or beauty's bloom
Alike muſt meet the common lot,
And ſink into the tomb.

A REVERIE.

Written at Bedtime.

THERE is a land of calm delight,
Of joyous peace and heavenly love;
A happy home of regions bright,
The ſhining orbs of heaven above.
Oh, let me to thoſe regions fair
On wings of Fancy take my flight,
With heaven's angelic choir there
Diſport in one a happy night!
They tell me there is always joy
In that abode ſo far away,
And happineſs without alloy
In one continued feſtive day.
There corruption hath no dwelling,
There the thief can never ſteal;
Angel praiſes ever telling,
All the holy inmates feel.
Then let me to thoſe regions far away
On wings of Fancy take my lofty flight,
With heaven's angelic choir (if Fancy may)
Diſport in one a happy, happy night!

LINES ADDRESSED TO A PRETTY CHILD.

I.

Thou only type of heaven here below,
Thou only innocence that man may know;
Free from all guile, as ſeraph in the ſky,
Pure as the new-born of eternity.
Even for thee, moſt gentle one, I ſigh,
For thee the tear-drop dims mine eye;
I gaze and tremble on thy brow divine,
And think,
My pretty one, what ſhall be thine.

II.

Shall thy young ſoul, expanding into light,
Be dimmed by Sorrow's early blight?
Shall that dear face, encloſed with cluſtering hair,
Be ever wan with care?
Shall thy ſweet manners, faſcinating mild,
Be chilled with cold neglect, my pretty child?

I gaze and tremble on thy brow divine,
And think,
My pretty one, what ſhall be thine.

III.

Ah, me! experience doth ſadly tell
That not for thee alone do pleaſures dwell!
That not for thee alone may joys be ſpread,
And hours uncounted paſs—ſo quickly fled.
Oh, no! too truly doth experience ſage
Clouds on the far-off horizon preſage.
Thus, gazing on thy brow divine,
I tremble, pretty one, to think
What ſhall be thine.

IV.

Shall it be thine, perchance, to wed the youth
To whom thy virgin heart hath pledged its truth?
To feel the joy that only hearts can feel
Whoſe chief delight each other's weal
To know the rapture unto mortals given
Of love by love returned, foretaſte of heaven.

Then why ſo gaze upon thy brow divine,
And think, my pretty one, what ſhall be thine?

v.

It is becauſe I know that love may be
Like the fair calm upon a tranquil ſea;
No ripple o'er the ſurface ſeems to flow
Reflected; every form below
Deceitful calm. See, ſee the lightning flaſh!
And o'er the barque the treacherous waters
daſh.
While gazing on thy brow divine
I know that ſuch is life,
And think ſuch may be thine.

vi.

Ah, me! unkindneſs, too, may ſap the flower
That ſhould be nouriſhed by affection's power;
Perchance the heart ſo warm with tender love
Be met by coldneſs: tears to move
In lonely chamber then, poor child, thy fears
Find ſolace only in deep burning tears.
While gazing on thy brow divine,
I know that ſuch is life,
And weep to think,
Such may be thine.

VII.

And may then virtue of the pureſt ray
Ariſe to grief enduring day by day;
Perchance be doomed to want the ſoothing
power
That ſympathy can lend the paſſing hour;
While the gay world itſelf from ſorrow freed,
Hath ſolace none—for ſorrow's need.
While gazing on thy brow divine,
Sweet child,
I know that ſuch is life, and weep to think
What fortune may be thine.

VIII.

For I have known the gentle heart and young
That ſhould be joyful, oft with ſorrow wrung;
While the cold heart that might afford relief
Views undiſmayed ſuch poignant grief.
I bluſh to think mankind ſuch things may
view,
Yet know them true.
Thus gazing on thy brow divine, fair child,
I ſigh to think what fortune may be thine.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

A Ballad.

I.

COMRADE, ere the day is cloſing,
Come and ſet thee down by me;
Silent all the camp repoſing,
Hear the tale I tell to thee.

II.

Ere another ſun deſcending
Sinks again in yonder weſt;
Ere the night with day is blending,
Comrade, I ſhall be at reſt.

III.

Soon to me ſhall come the ſleeping
Sleep that doth not waking know;
And I think of thoſe that weeping
Mourn my fate with tears of woe.

IV.

Say that when, the battle raging,
Low I fell upon the plain,
Thoughts of home my wound aſſuaging,
Little recked I of the pain.

V.

Say to her, that thoughts endearing,
Deareſt partner of my life,
Only for her welfare fearing,
She, my own beloved wife,—

VI.

Say that when, the battle raging,
Low I fell upon the plain,
Thoughts of home my wound aſſuaging,
Little recked I of the pain.

VII.

And my little ones, who never
Can I more on earth behold;
Hard it is from them to ſever,—
More to me than mines of gold.

VIII.

No more on my knee at morning
Come they for their father's kiſs;
Faireſt flowers my home adorning,—
This, indeed, a father's bliſs.

IX.

Say that when, the battle raging,
Low I fell upon the plain,
Thoughts of home my wound aſſuaging,
Little recked I of the pain.

X.

Comrade, ere my voice doth falter
With cold Death's convulſive throes,
With a love that could not alter,
Say I fondly thought of thoſe.

Balaklava Harbour.

It is the lonely midnight hour,
When all are huſhed in ſilent ſleep,
And I am muſing on that Power
Who on the midnight deep,
Or through the day, doth vigil ever keep
O'er all the ſons of earth.
Beneficent His mild and gentle ſway
To thoſe who His commands obey;
Nor paſs in boiſterous glee the noiſy hours,
But tranquil view His mighty powers.
What though the tempeſt rage without
In furious wrath athwart the ſky?
The clouds faſt driven tumultuous fly,
They have no cauſe to fear or doubt.
Tranquil as ſummer eve repoſing
On ſilent lake,
Or when the ſhades of eve are cloſing,
From every brake
Is heard the ſong of wild-bird free,
Carolling a melody:
Unheard in cities throng
Such dulcet ſong.
Not lute nor tabor can its tones ſurpaſs.

It is the lonely midnight hour,
The watch-dog bays the moon,
And from yon lonely, ſolitary tower,
A melancholy tune
The bird of night doth ſing,
Tu whit, tu whoo, tu whoo,
King of that lonely hall.
And Beauty once did revel there,—
Gallant knight, and ladye fair,
Paſſed the midnight hours away
In jocund dance, or ſong, or play.
Bluſhes red as rubies bright
When enraptured of her charms;
Told his love ſome gallant knight,
As he preſſed her in his arms.
Bluſhes red and eyes ſo bright,
Fired the knight to deed of fame;
If he was vanquiſhed in the fight,
Dying it was bliſs to breathe
Her hallowed name.
Now through the midnight hour
The watch-dog bays the moon;
While melancholy tune
The bird of night doth ſing,
Tu whoo, tu whoo.

And where is now the gallant knight?
And where is now the beauty bright?
Knight and ladye both are laid
Underneath the yew-tree ſhade,

YE WHO DO BEND.

I.

Ye who do bend beneath the weight
  Of undeſervèd woe,
Whoſe hopes are ſunk, once ſo elate
  With joy's enlivening throe;
Now that the bitterneſs ye know
  Of love and friendſhip gone,
While faſt the bitter tears do flow,
  Thy breaſt with anguiſh torn.
Mourn not with too embittered grief,
  Thy hopes all gone aſtray;
Time's ſoothing power ſhall bring relief,
  And waſh thy tears away.
  To every woe there is a balm
    Which thou may'ſt ſurely find;
  Within thy breaſt there is a charm,
    If not to reaſon blind.

II.

Are not for thee the ſweet delights
  Nature doth bring?
Thee to her banquet ſhe invites
  Each joyful ſpring.
The lark that carols in the ſky
  Warbles his ſtrain for thee;
The throſtle's full note doth reply
  From foreſt-tree.
And the clouds that float on the azure blue,
  So ſoft, ſo pure, ſo white,
Are they not floating there for you,
  If thou doſt think aright?
Mourn not with too embittered grief,
  Thy hopes all gone aſtray;
Time's ſoothing power ſhall bring relief,
  And waſh thy tears away.
  To every woe there is a balm
    Which thou may'ſt ſurely find;
  Within thy breaſt there is a charm,
    If not to reaſon blind.

I.

Be ſtill, ſad heart, be ſtill!
Or if thou wilt in ſilence weep,
Weep for the loſt and gone;
For thoſe that ſleep
Beneath the yew-tree's ſhade,
Under whoſe ſhadows deep
Thoſe dear remains are laid;
That oft in life had power to charm,
That oft with thee enjoyed the calm
Sweet ſummer eve;
Or charmed the ear with rapturous lay,
Or in ſweet ſympathy did cheer ſad hours away.

II.

Be ſtill, ſad heart, be ſtill!
Or if thou wilt in ſilence weep,
Weep for the loſt and gone;
Oh, only gone before

Unto that far-off land, unto that ſhore,—
That undiſcovered land where all ſhall meet,
Life's troubles o'er; oh, greeting ſweet,
To meet no more to part!
Be ſtill, and know that grief,
In mercy given,
If rightly borne, ſhall miniſter relief,
And guide thee in the path
That leads to heaven.

I.

BRIDE, with thy flowing, golden hair,
Clothed in jewels all ſo rare,
Dream ye that days of woe and pain
Never can come to thee again?
I would not wiſh to ſpoil thy pleaſure;
It is, indeed, a joyous treaſure
To think and feel that bliſs is thine.
Enjoy thy treaſure, lady mine;
I, I will only weep to know
Such cannot be for mortals here below.

II.

Bride, with thy flowing, golden hair,
Clothed in jewels all ſo rare,
Sometimes, ſweet lady, ſometimes think
Are we not always on the brink
Of—we know not where,
It may be bright, it may be fair;
It may be of other, indeed, than joy.
Lady, I would not thy mirth alloy;
But, gentle lady, ſometimes think,
Are we not always on the brink?

III.

Lady, with thy golden hair,
Thine is beauty and youth, I know;
Far more worth than the jewels rare
That needleſſly adorn thy brow.
There is more bright than diamond flame,
And Innocency is its name;
I ſee it beam in thy dear eyes,
Bright as the ſun of ſummer ſkies.
That is a jewel far more rare
Than all the gems in thy golden hair.

IV.

Bride, with thy flowing, golden hair,
That is a jewel fair, indeed;
Guard it, ſweet lady, with all care,
'T will ſerve thee well in every need.
Then, if ever ſhould come a day
To tear thy houſehold joys away,
While this, dear lady, thy brow doth deck,
If all thy hopes are gone a-wreck,
Keep it the apple of thine eye;
It will lead thee, lady, to the ſky.

WHEN SHALL THE MORNING COME?

When the ſnow in the garden paſſeth away,
And the ſpring-flowers greet the morning ray;
When winter flies to the diſtant North,
And Flora's gems are coming forth,
Then ſhall the morning come?

When the branches that bent to the icy gale,
Th' invigorating dews inhale;
And the buds in their infancy appear
On the black ſtems of the foreſt drear,
Then ſhall the morning come?

When the breath of the winter is gone away,
And gentle zephyrs round me play;
When the ſong of the lark is heard on high,
As he ſings all day in the bright blue ſky,
Then ſhall the morning come?

When the wild-birds ſing in merry glee
Nature's ſweeteſt pſalmody,
From grove to grove reſounds the lay,
To welcome the glad bright ſummer day,
Shall joy appear for me?

Oh, no, for thee no more can ſpring
The ſweet delights of Nature bring;
No more the lark in heaven his ſong
A joyous lay for thee prolong
No more, no more!

Nor the branches that bent to the icy gale,
When the winds from the frozen North prevail;
Nor the breath of ſummer be ſweet to thee,
Nor wild-birds' dulcet minſtrelſy,
No more, no more!

The flowers ſhall ſtill in beauty bloom,
The violet ſhall ſpring in the covert dale;
But, ah! they ſhall bloſſom o'er thy tomb,
While thou art lying cold and pale,
My brother.

HOW OFT DOTH MEMORY LINGER.

I.

How oft doth memory linger o'er the paſt
With many a deep-drawn ſigh;
Forgetful not on earth can pleaſure laſt,
Even as the ſummer ſky
That ſoon muſt paſs away,
How bright ſoe'er the day,
Are all our joys!

II.

How oft doth memory fondly linger o'er
Hearts that were wont to beat
With happineſs when we came near!
No more they fill th' accuſtomed ſeat,
Gone to their laſt retreat
Beneath the yew-tree's ſhade,
All lonely laid.

III.

How oft doth memory dwell
With ſad and aching heart
On thoſe who loved us well,
But doomed to part;
When they are ſilent laid at reſt
In earth's cold breaſt,
Ah, never to return!

COME, COME WITH ME!

I

Come, come with me! and if thy heart is ſad,
If thou haſt loſt the prize
For which thou long didſt toil;
If Fortune thee denies
To ſhare the ſpoil,
Come, liſt to me, and I will make thee glad.

II.

Say, does ſhe deal to thee with niggard hand
Her fav'ring ſmiles?
Oh, fear her not! perchance when ſhe is bland
She moſt beguiles;
He who doth on her ſmiles await,
Knows not the jade's deceitful way;
Poor wight! ſhe ofttimes leads him to be great,
And then—deſerts him by the way.

III.

Say, what the prize that thou haſt loſt?
The world's applauſe? Is that ſo fair,
That, loſing it, thou would'ſt deſpair;
And deem thy hopes as nipped by froſt,
That oft deſtroys the flowerets fair?
Cheer up thy heart, and think of thoſe
In early life who walked with thee;
How many now, alas! repoſe
Beneath the cypreſs-tree.
In glory's path the prize to gain,
How many periſhed by the way;
How many did the goal attain?
As ſummer flowers they paſſed away.

IV.

Gird up thy ſtrength, and if the frown
Of angry Fortune thee diſmay,
With haughty brow on her look down,
And tell her earthly joys decay.
Her votary that thou wilt be
If happineſs is in her power;

If ſweet content ſhe brings to thee,
That thou wilt woo her for her dower;
But if ſhe brings not either, why,
With haughtineſs her ſcorn defy!

OFTEN I SIGHED.

I.

OFTEN I ſighed,
In my boyiſh pride,
To be in the battle's rage,
By deed of fame
To achieve a name
That ſhould live in Hiſtory's page:
The field bivouac—
The night attack,
Had a fearful charm for me;
And the colours bright
Were a glorious ſight,
With their names of Victory!

II.

They told of the dead,
So bravely led
In many a hard-fought field,
Who ſtood the brunt
Of the battle's front,
And fiercely ſcorned to yield;

They told of the brave
Gone to their grave,
And for their ſtoried urn
(Sweet maids did weep
The long-loſt ſleep
Of thoſe that ne'er return.)

III.

Then manhood came,
And to feed the flame
That ſlumbered in my breaſt,
With ſword at my ſide,
Loved more than bride,
I ſerved with a ſoldier's zeſt;
And—learned the truth,
Unbelieved by youth,
That of all bleſſings ſent
By One above,
Whoſe name is Love,
There's nothing like content.

IV.

Though glory bright
Is a dazzling ſight,

Where plumes and pennons wave,
Many a woe
Doth woman know
In the ſoldier's gory grave.
The widow's tears
May flow for years,—
The mother mourn her ſon;
Sad tears!—how vain
To bring again
The loſt, beloved one!

WHERE ARE THY SORROWS?

I.

WHERE are thy ſorrows now,
Deareſt and beſt?
Where is thy fevered brow
Tranquil at reſt?
Why ſhould I wiſh thee here,
While thou art ſleeping
Holy and peacefully,
While I am weeping?—
Sleeping, or elſe in the manſions above,
Where all is purity, where all is love!

II.

The flower was juſt opened,
Its beauty to ſhow,
When the keen wind of winter
Did lay it full low:

Say, ſhould I wiſh thee here,
While thou art ſleeping
Holy and peacefully,
While I am weeping?—
Sleeping, or elſe in the manſions above,
Where all is purity, where all is love!

III.

It was bitter to take thee—
To take thee away,
Juſt as the flower
Seemed to ope to the day;
Therefore, I wiſh thee here,
While thou art ſleeping
Holy and peacefully,
While I am weeping,—
Sleeping, or elſe in the manſions above,
Where all is purity, where all is love!

IV.

It was bitter to lay thee
Beneath the green ſod,
But I gave thee, my darling,
All pure unto God:

No more ſhall I wiſh thee here,
While thou art ſleeping
Holy and peacefully,
While I am weeping,—
Sleeping, or elſe in the manſions above,
Where all is purity, where all is love!

HASTE, MY SOUL! AND FLEE AWAY.

I.

HASTE, my ſoul! and flee away,
Quit, oh! quit this mortal clay,
Since thus I muſt ſo faithleſs prove
Unto a God of ſo much love.
Each day I riſe from ſlumbers deep,
Refreſhed and calm by gentle ſleep;
And when I roam among the flowers,
All gliſtening with the morning dew,
Or bending 'neath the April ſhowers,
And pouring forth their incenſe true,
I mourn to think, enchained by ſin,
How foul the ſepulchre within.
All nature ſeems to praiſe the Lord;
The blitheſome birds with one accord,
Each thing that lives, as with one voice,
Doth ſeem to gladden and rejoice,
And I my head can hardly raiſe
To glorify, to ſing His praiſe.

Remembrance comes when I would pray,
And drives my holieſt thoughts away,—
  Remembrance comes of evil thought,
Of time miſſpent—ah! many a-day:
  Oh, weary life, with evil fraught!
Haſte, my ſoul! and flee away.

II.

Oh, haſte, my ſoul! and flee away;
Quit, oh! quit this mortal clay;
For ſin doth blight thine every joy,
  And tarniſhes its luſtre fair,
Giveth to everything alloy,
  That might have been ſo gladſome there.
When morning comes, and I awake
  Refreſhed to greet the joyful day,
Oh, would that gentle ſleep did take,
  As in a dream, my ſoul away!
For what I would not, that I do;
  Enchained by ſin, what though I pray?
That thing I do I would eſchew;
  So haſte, my ſoul! and flee away.

SPRING.

I.

Now ſings the mavis in the wild greenwood,
That long hath huſhed his clear and welcome note;
When the cold wind of winter did intrude,
How could he to warm love attune his throat?

II.

Now, cheery bird, he ſeeth the buds do ſpring,
And the green corn peeping from the earth;
So doth his gentle heart eſſay to ſing,
And a rich ſong of joy he poureth forth.

III.

It joyeth him well when firſt the crocus peepeth
At early morning, when he taketh wing;
It is a ſign the winter cold ſoon ſleepeth,
And viſions bright come to him of the ſpring.

IV.

Therefore, when Flora is her gems a-bringing,
Let thy heart to all happy thoughts give way;
For thee the wild birds all are gaily ſinging,—
For thee are all the ſweet delights of May.

LINES WRITTEN SEPTEMBER 1855,

WHEN THE BELLS ANNOUNCED

THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

I.

SPREAD, ſpread the news from north to ſouth,
From eaſt unto the weſt,
And let the panting nations know
That now they may have reſt:
Tell it to thoſe who breathleſs wait,
That they may breathe again,—
The mighty giant of the north—
The Northern Bear, is ſlain.

II.

Spread, ſpread the news from north to ſouth,
From weſt unto the eaſt,
And let the bells ring merrily,
And let the people feaſt:

Fill high the wine-cup, Britons!
And let Beauty grace the ſcene,
Deign, lady fair, the cup to quaff,—
" Old England and the Queen!"

III.

Fill, fill the wine-cup high, my boys!
Let Beauty grace the ſcene;
Our toaſt, " The Army!" let it be,—
" Old England and our Queen!"
Fill high the cup, my merry boys,—
Fill, fill it once again;
And in mournful ſilence let us drink,—
" The Memory of the Slain!"

IV.

Come, gentle one, and grace the ſcene,
So lovely and ſo fair.
Why comes the tear-drop to thine eye,—
Haſt thou a lover there?
We 'll pledge him in a bumper,
Pray God no woe betide,
And he ſhall be thy ſoldier brave,
And thou ſhalt be his bride.

v.

If thou mayeſt have no lover there,
Perchance a brother dear
May be among the noble ranks,
And for him thou doſt fear:
Fill high the glaſs, and drink it up,
We'll pledge him merrily;
Pray God that he may ſoon return
To England and to thee!

vi.

And while thy heart beats high with joy,
With joy too full to ſpeak,
Think of the gentle maidens left,
The lowly and the weak;
Of thoſe who on the battle-field
Have yielded up their breath,
And for their Country and their Queen
Sunk in the arms of Death.

vii.

There are of tender children,
Believe me, many a one;
For them has ſet for many a day
Proſperity's gay ſun.

Shall they be doomed, poor innocents!
In penury to live?
If of abundance thou haſt much,
Of thy abundance give.

Written for the Charitable Fund.

LADY, I MUST AWAY.

I.

I DO not wiſh to leave thee,
If thou wouldſt have me ſtay;
I do not wiſh to deceive thee,
Flying from thee away.

II.

But I feel as if the ſtrong right arm
Should be raiſed in Freedom's right,
Nor ſleep at home in ſlumbers calm,
When heard abroad War's wild alarm,
But join in England's fight.

III.

My ſword is ready, and looſely now
Is hanging by my ſide,
But the warm blood mantles on my brow,
And I feel a ſoldier's pride,—

IV.

When I think of the mighty, mighty hoſt,
Now waiting for the fray,
And I long to be at Honour's poſt,—
Lady, I muſt away!

ENTOMBED IN MEMORY'S SILENT CELL.

I.

ENTOMBED in Memory's ſilent cell
The happy days of yore,
How perfect doth the image dwell
Of Him I ſee no more!
When morning breaks
My ſoul awakes,
Another day of woe;
The ſmile of yore
I ſee no more,
And tears unbidden flow.

II.

I would not weep if by his ſide
I chaſed the tear away,
I would not weep if he had died
In the noble battle-fray;

But worn with toil
On foeman's ſoil,
To ſmooth his pillow none,
Long muſt I weep
The long, laſt ſleep,
Of my belovèd one.

THINK YOU I FEAR YOU?

I.

THINK you I fear you, mighty Death,
With your bow and ſhafts ſo keen?
Thy bow is bent, thy ſhaft is ſent,
With lightning flaſh ye take my breath,
And I am as I'd never been.

II.

But what of that? in the graſſy knoll
Is the ſhattered body laid,
And the willows wave
O'er my early grave,
And the church bells do toll
Over the grave new made.

III.

But what of that? the living part
Ye cannot, cannot kill:
In ſpite of thee
The ſoul is free,
Though ſilent now the beating heart,
And the lips ſo cold and ſtill.

IV.

Not, not on earth is the ſpirit's home,—
No, never doth it die;
Though oft oppreſt, it findeth reſt
In the joyous manſions of the bleſt,—
In the manſions of the ſky.

V.

So I do not fear you, mighty Death,
With your bow and ſhafts ſo keen;
The ſhaft of thy bow may lay me low,
And the death damp gather on my brow,
But the ſpirit, freed from its coarſer clay,
Up, up to heaven wings its way,
And leaves its clay to its native earth,
There to await another birth.

VI.

Proud Death, there is for thee a day
When thy power ſhall paſs away,—
Thou, for whom myriad tombs are made,
Shall in the tomb thyſelf be laid;
And man from ſin and death be free,
In the manſions of Eternity.

THE SUN WITH GLORY.

I.

THE ſun with glory gilds the ſcene,
All Nature 'joys his warm embrace,
Th' emboſomed lake in ſilver ſhene
Reflects all Nature's ſmiling face:
The buds are burſting into leaves,
His carol doth the throſtle ſing,
The ſwallow twitters from the eaves,
The lark for heaven plumes his wing;
And yet there is a grief to me
The love of Nature cannot kill,—
The golden earth, the ſilver ſea,
Cannot my heart with joy inſtil.

II.

For now the linnet woos his mate,
The ſtock-dove coos from yonder bower,
The robin doth his love relate,—
All Nature yields to Love's ſweet power;

Yet is no boſom warm for me,
Alone I tread my weary way,—
The golden earth, the ſilver ſea,
Cannot my inward grief allay.

III.

The lark high in heaven
Is ſinging his ſong,
The ſtag in the foreſt
Is bounding along;
The ſweet woodland echoes
The throſtle's full note,
Each bird of the foreſt
To Love tunes his throat:
Sadly, too ſadly, for Ellen I ſigh,—
Sadly, too ſadly, the tear dims mine eye.

IV.

The white clouds are floating
So tranquilly by;
With all things ſo beautiful,
Why ſhould I ſigh?
The ſwan on the waters
Is gracefully ſailing,
I of my loſt one
Alone am bewailing.

v.

The zephyr ſo tranquilly
  Woos me to reſt,—
Would that it carried
  Peace to my breaſt,
Or that I might
  On its boſom be gone!
Now I am left,
  All neglected, alone.

vi.

I will make me a noſegay,
  Of wild flowers ſo gay,
And there ſee the emblem
  Of Love paſſed away;
Ere the day hath departed
  My noſegay ſhall be
A touching memorial,
  An emblem to me,
Alas, of my love, that did wither and die!
'Tis meet then ſhould tremble the tear in mine eye.

VII.

Like the lily-bell blooming,
My love ſhe was fair;
Now ſhe has left me,
Can I but deſpair?
Like the lily-bell drooping
Ere cloſe of the day,
I think of my true love,
All withered away.

SLEEP THEE, MY BABY.

I.

Sleep thee, my baby, ſleep;
What if for ever?
Though thou art to me dear,
Say, ſhould I keep thee here?
Never,—no, never!

II.

Cruel it ſeemeth
To bid thee farewell,
Yet ſhould I wiſh thee here?
Where all is ſad and drear,
Why ſhouldſt thou dwell?

III.

Oh, 'tis a ſad world,
Baby, my own!
Each joy of our heart
Is ſure to depart,
And leave us to moan.

IV.

Sleep thee, my baby, then;
Though the earth hold thee,
Angels enfold thee
Ever, for ever!

V.

Though the earth hold thee,
Babe of my breaſt,
Angels are taking
Thee to their reſt,
Where thou'rt awaking,
In the realms of the bleſt,—

VI.

There in the manſion
Of heaven above:
Sorrow nor ſin
Never entereth in
Thoſe manſions of Love.

VII.

Sleep, then, my baby,
For angels are taking
Thee to their reſt,
In the realms of the bleſt,
Where thou'rt awaking.

SAY, SHALL I DWELL?

I.

Say, ſhall I dwell in the cloiſter'd pile,
With the mighty of days gone by?
Shall I beam as a light of my native iſle?
For me ſhall a nation ſigh?

II.

I would that when I am laid at reſt
I may not have lived in vain,
When lowly laid in Earth's cold breaſt,
Free from this ſcene of pain.

III.

Many ſhall come, as I have been,
Where the great and the good are laid,
Drop a tear o'er the ſacred ſcene,
Under the cloiſter'd ſhade.

IV.

Mention my name with a thrill of pride,
As they view the marble buſt;
Say, "For his country he nobly died,—
Thrice honoured be his duſt!"

Written at Simpheropol, 1856.

SHE COMES NOT.

I.

She comes not to her window,
  She comes not with her light,
And I have waited here for her
  All the livelong night.

II.

Oh, that ſhe knew I tarried here,
  To ſee her ſhadow fall
Upon the darkened window-pane,—
  My hope, my love, my all!

III.

Would ſhe then my poor ſuit deny,
  And pity on me take?
Oh, would ſhe know, without her love,
  This, my poor heart, muſt break!

OH, COME WITH ME.

I.

Oh, come with me, and if thy heart is ſad,
If thou haſt loſt the prize
For which thou long didſt toil,
If Fortune thee denies
To ſhare the ſpoil,
Come liſt to me, and I will make thee glad.

II.

Say, does ſhe deal to thee with niggard hand
Her fav'ring ſmiles?
Oh, fear her not! perchance when ſhe is bland
She moſt beguiles.
He who doth on her ſmiles await,
Knows not the jade's deceitful way;
Poor wight! ſhe ofttimes leads him to be great,
And then — deſerts him by the way.

III.

Say, what the prize that thou haſt loſt?
The world's applauſe?—is that ſo fair,
That loſing it thou wouldſt deſpair,
And deem thy hopes as nipped by froſt
That oft deſtroys the flowrets fair?

IV.

Cheer up thy heart, and think of thoſe
In early life who walked with thee;
How many now, alas! repoſe
Beneath the lowly cypreſs tree.
In glory's path the prize to gain,
How many periſhed by the way;
How many did the goal attain,—
As zephyrs light they paſſed away.

V.

Gird up thy ſtrength, and if the frown
Of angry Fortune thee diſmay,
With haughty brow on her look down,
And tell her, earthly joys decay.

Her votary that thou wilt be
If Happineſs is in her power;
If ſweet Content ſhe bring to thee,
That thou wilt woo her for her dower:
But if ſhe bring not either, why—
With haughtineſs her ſcorn defy.

COME, LOVE, AND ROAM.

Come, love, and roam with me
Through foreſt wide and dell,
Where, the ſoft moſſy banks between,
Wild-flowers do dwell.

I will make thee a garland of delicate hue,
Of ſnow-white roſe and hare-bells blue.
All under ſome greenwood tree
I will make a wreath for thee,
Lovely as ſummer's ſofteſt ſky
When the gentle winds ſing lullaby.
There will I gather the primroſe pale,
And the lily fair that adorns the vale.
Though not ſo bright as the flowers that grow
On ſome far ſunnier ſhore,
Where the cold north winds never blow,
I love them as well, or more.

For what ſo ſweet to lover true
As the wild hare-bell's azure blue?
The bridegroom ſeeth the image there
Of his own lady faire;
So gently it bends in graceful curve
Its beauteous head,
As if to wed
Or woo ſome kindly aid; nor careleſſly obſerve
Thoſe tender veins:—ſuch work divine,
So delicately wrought
Hardly the thought
Can contemplate, ſo exquiſitely fine.

I love to gaze upon this pretty flower;
It 'minds me of my love,
That I, in every ſtorm or ſhower,
When bitter wild winds rove,
Should be the ſhelter of her fragile form
In every bleak wind or biting ſtorm.
Even ſo, love, I will be.
Then come
And roam with me
Through foreſt wide and dell,
Where, the ſoft moſſy banks between,
Wild flowers do dwell.

I AM WEARY.

A Child's Ballad.

Part I.

I.

"I AM weary, weary, mother, with this long-continued pain,
And I long for thoſe gay hours that can never come again;
I am weary, for repoſe to me a ſtranger long hath been,
And I watch the daylight entering the crevices between.

II.

In vain, in vain I try for reſt—I turn from ſide to ſide,
And in the pillow's ſoft receſs I ſeek my tears to hide;
They do not flow becauſe I'm ill—it is I am ſo weak,
And though I would not, ſtill they come faſt trickling down my cheek.

III.

My little brother comes to me at morn with prattling glee,
His baby hand he puts in mine and gaily laughs at me;
But, mother, when I ſmile on him the tear comes to mine eye;
Sad, ſad it is to meet his gaze, for I know that I muſt die.

IV.

The ſummer ſun, the bright blue ſky, your own dear fav'rite flower,
The robin, too, that built its neſt in my own garden bower,
Shall never I behold again? Oh, tell me, mother dear,
Shall I theſe things no more behold when ſummer doth appear?"

V.

"No, no, my child," with ſobbing breaſt, the mother doth reply,
"Our heavenly Father ſees it fit my darling one muſt die;
But Jeſus died for children, love, and when you are at reſt,
The Sacrifice of Calvary receives thee in His breaſt."

Part II.

The ſummer came again, but ah, no more upon her bed
The little ſufferer patient lay her very weary head!
And ere in her own garden bower the robin's neſt was made,
At reſt within the ſilent tomb this little one was laid.

Guard Room, Corfu, Sept. 1853.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER SOME BEAUTIFUL SEAWEED.

I.

THINK you, think you, weeds are we
Growing 'neath the dark green ſea?
Little you know of things below
Where mid the coral we gaily grow.

II.

If we want aught to excite,
Often we ſee the deadly fight
Of mighty monſters far more ſtrong
Than ever were heard of in tale or ſong.
Dreadful the combats, fierce and high,
Between the finny monſters rare;
Safe in our caves the deed we 'ſpy,
And view their ſtruggles of wild deſpair.

III.

But better we love on a ſummer day
To watch the creatures that round us play;
To ſee the fiſh for very content
Leaping out of their element;
Their pearly ſcales all ſhining white,
Like the armour of gallant knight.

IV.

Or if we feel in Pity's mood,
  Often, often we've cauſe to weep
On the direful ſights that on us intrude,
  And rob us of reſt and rob us of ſleep.
We've ſeen fair lady, whoſe ſtreaming hair
And weeping eyes ſpoke her deſpair;
Beautiful mother, hapleſs wife,
Claſping one ſhe loved better than life.
Oh, ſhe could bear the ſad ſea ſwell,
If but her baby were ſafe and well!
See how ſhe claſps it to her breaſt!
See how the babe ſmiles from its neſt!
Hapleſs mother! the cruel ſtorm
Thee and thy baby will ſoon deform!

v.

Piteous, too, it was to ſee
Strong men ſtruggling in the waſte
Of the wild waters turbidly,
Long as their frail ſtrength did laſt.
A while they reach th' o'erhanging rope,
Then for a moment cometh hope;
And cometh a green wave white with ſpray,
Daſhing all their hopes away.

vi.

Some with ſtrong and ſturdy hand,
By love of life and hope beguiled,
Made them a raft to reach the land.
What though the ſtorm was loud and wild,
With ropes they bound it on the deck;
With eager hands they let it glide
Gently over the veſſel's ſide
Ere the good ſhip was all a-wreck:
Slowly they launched it o'er the lea,
Thinking it would ſafety be.

VII.

They reach the white ſurf, and a moment on high
Aloft they are borne on the green curling wave;
And at the laſt moment, when ſuccour is nigh,
In the wild raging waters they ſank to their grave!

VIII.

Oh, 't was a piteous ſight to ſee
That lady in the wave's embrace!
How ſhe fought with them manfully,
The white waves daſhing in her face:
But though the tempeſt, angry wild,
Toſſed her on its boiling foam,
Firmly ſhe held her darling child,
Fondly ſhe thought of her own dear home.

IX.

When the ſtorm had paſſed away,
There the mother and baby lay;
The cruel rocks the white waves under,
Tore them, but could not tear them aſunder,
So firmly claſped in Death's embrace,
The love that Death could not efface.

x.

We made them a couch, and where they are lying,
In the ſoft ſummer eve when the zephyrs are ſighing,
Beautiful mermaids ſweetly ſing,
Underneath the rock's cool ſhade,
Requiem ſweeter than ever king
Ever had in marble laid.
There they are lying, ſtill at reſt,
Beautiful mother and baby bleſt.

WRIT IN SORROW.

I.

I WILL go to my chamber, my ſpirit oppreſt,
Refuſe all the world's fleeting charms;
I will go to my chamber and there ſeek for reſt,
Remote from Temptation's alarms.

II.

Communion I'll ſeek with my Father above;
Humility, be thou my guide:
The God of all wiſdom, the God of all love,
Shall teach me to baniſh my pride.

III.

Though my trials are great, and my ſpirits o'ercome
My feelings, and cauſe me to weep;
To the prayer of the ſuppliant He never is dumb,
Nor doth His omniſcience ſleep.

IV.

Then Humility, handmaid of Virtue and Love,
Be near me while ſuccour I pray;
If ſorrow and weeping are ſent from above,
Joy may come with the dawn of the day.

WHEN THE SUN.

I.

When the ſun in glory ſhining
Sparkles on the tranquil ſea,
When in grief or woe repining,
Then, my darling, think of me.

II.

When the bird of night ſo ſweetly
Fills the grove with melody,
And the time ſlips by ſo fleetly,
Then, my darling, think of me.

III.

When the lilies fair are blooming
O'er the hills and o'er the lea,
When the darkened clouds are looming,
Then, my darling, think of me.

IV.

When the wind of winter ruſhes
  Whiſtling through each leafleſs tree,
When the roſe in beauty bluſhes,
  Then, my darling, think of me.

HERE LET ME LIE AND REST.

I.

HERE let me lie and reſt
  Beneath the hawthorn tree,
By no rude care oppreſt,
  From anguiſh free;
While the ſweet balmy gale
  Of jocund Spring doth paſs
Let me its breath inhale.
  From couch of graſs
The ſwallow twitters near
    In rapid flight,
    And knows not fear
    From ſuch poor wight.
How gently blows the wind! the leaves
  In ruſtling noiſe proclaim its ſway;
While the lake's placid boſom heaves
  In tiny waves that onward play.

Here let me lie, at length reclining,
Exulting in the noontide day,
The world and all its wealth reſigning,
While Nature doth to me her charms display.
Oh, happy day, to paſs away,
Where nought can me diſtreſs;
The balmy air on lightſome wing
From ſunny climes to me doth bring
Sweet murmurings of early ſpring,
And thoughts of happineſs.

II.

And what is happineſs?
Is 't happineſs that Fame ſhall ring
Of thee, and of thee poets ſing?
Is 't happineſs from yonder tower
To look on foreſt, mead, and bower?
To ſee the lake ſo ſilvery ſhine,
And, lord of all, to call them thine?
Erring mortal, tell me this,
Can all theſe things procure thee bliſs?

III.

Could coronet upon thy brow,
Tell me, make thee happy now?
Could thy ambition gratified,
In worldly pomp and lordly pride?
Erring mortal, tell me this,
Could all theſe things procure thee bliſs?

IV.

Reader, wouldſt thou happineſs
Ever thy dear ſight to bleſs,
Thou mayeſt view it, laughing wild,
In the gambols of a child.
Only then, believe me, can
Happineſs be found in man.

V.

Go and aſk of wrinkled age,
Who hath had experience ſage,
He will tell thee; well he knows
Vain on earth to ſeek repoſe.

He will tell thee, life hath been
To him a diſappointing ſcene;
He will tell thee, life at beſt
Hath ſome choſen times of reſt.
Reader, wouldſt thou happineſs
Ever thy dear ſight to bleſs,
View it (only) laughing wild
In the gambols of a child.
Only there, believe me, can
Happineſs belong to man.

FAREWELL TO * *

On Departure for India.

I.

Oh, fare thee well! I will not ſtay
To gaze enraptured on thy form;
Another clime, another day,
Where rules the wild Atlantic ſtorm—
Another land for me, where nought
Can 'mind me of thy ſoft blue eye.
Be it with darkeſt danger fraught,
The more 't will drown my memory.

II.

Then fare thee well! and when the ſun
With beauty gilds the diſtant hills,
Oh, kindly think thou then of one
Who wiſhed to ſhare with thee the ills
That muſt encompaſs all of earth;
Since firſt the ſerpent's hateful guile
Gave ſin and ſorrow, twins, a birth,
While angels ſtood in awe the while.

III.

Oh, fare thee well! and when the flowers
  Are ſprinkled with the morning's dew,
Or midſt thy fair and fragrant bowers,
  Where roſes grow and violets blue,
Oh, think at times of one who knew
  He never could be worthy thee;—
Of one who loved as fond and true,
  As fond and trueſt love could be.

IV.

Then let me linger.
  Fare thee well!
    'T is grief
  The laſt farewell to take!
Another word — I will not dwell,
  Or my ſad heart will ſurely break:
But ſhould thy memory e'er recall
  At times my lonely, diſtant lot,
A little boon I aſk — 't is all,
  Beloved one — Forget me not!

THE ARCHER.

I.

WHAT is it that in Joy's moſt feſtive hour
Invades our hearth?
What is it that in Pleaſure's happieſt bower
Doth check our mirth?

II.

More keen than the North wind
When tempeſt doth roar;
More chill than the winter,
All frozen and hoar;

III.

More ſtrong than the lion
When rouſed in his lair;
More wretched than plaintings
Of piteous deſpair;

IV.

More ſudden than lightning,
  More dreadful than thunder;
More ſad than when true love
  Is broken aſunder:

V.

It is the ſhaft from that all-powerful bow
  Which ſlays our breath;
It is the wounding of that ſecret foe
  Which men call Death.

VI.

The hills he doth viſit,
  He viſits the vales,
And on the far mountains
  He alſo prevails.

VII.

The waters he ruleth,
  The ſea owns his ſway,
The oaks' mighty foreſts
  He turns to decay.

VIII.

Inſatiate his av'rice,
And furious his wrath,
When the plague and the peſtilence
Sendeth he forth.

IX.

The maiden ſo tender, the maiden ſo fair,
Inſatiate his av'rice, he takes to his lair;
The mother, with rapture entwining her child,
He clutches, regardleſs of anguiſh ſo wild;
The father, the ſhield of his offspring ſo dear,
He ſeizes, to add to his deſolate cheer;
The babe at the breaſt, and the child in the womb,
He adds with delight to the dark ſilent tomb.

THE NIGHTINGALE SINGETH.

I.

THE nightingale ſingeth merrily
From his own ſweet bower,
His ſong he giveth cheerily
At this calm hour.
The clouds flit by the gentle moon,
Her refulgence hiding;
Quickly they paſs again full ſoon
On the light winds riding.

II.

The old dark tower ſtands revealed,
Gone its might;
The fir-trees ſeem a ſolemn ſhield
In the ſtill of night:
I of my love am fondly thinking
(Thinks ſhe of me?)
Tranquil while I am drinking
The cup of Memory.

A PRAYER AT EVEN.

I.

Oh Thou! who liveſt in heaven above,
Where all is goodneſs, all is love,
Let me lift up my voice
In humbleneſs to ſing Thy praiſe,
In thankfulneſs my voice to raiſe,
And meekly to rejoice.

II.

To bleſs Thee for the gift of health,
That bounteous gift of gracious wealth,
So plenteouſly allowed;
Exulting in the beauteous day,
To feel the hours paſs away
Undimmed by any cloud.

III.

And when the ſummer's day ſhall cloſe,
To lay me down to ſweet repoſe,
Unchecked by any care;
To feel there is a Power above,
The might and majeſty of Love,
All gracious everywhere.

IV.

What though at times grief may be near,
At times may come the burning tear,
And ſorrow me diſtreſs?
Yet 't is adminiſtered by One
Who gave His own beloved Son
Our fallen race to bleſs.

V.

Then may I, when I feel the rod,
Unmurmuring raiſe my voice to God,
Acknowledge mercy given;
And hope, life's ſea of troubles o'er,
To anchor ſafely on the ſhore,
The promiſed land of heaven.

WHEN O'ER THE BLUE AND PATHLESS SEA.

I.

When o'er the blue and pathleſs ſea
To other lands I wend my way,
Like the lone ſea-bird, careleſs, free,
Where the wild waves tumultuous play,
Oft ſhall my memory recall
In fondeſt ſighs thine eye of blue;
And when the billows riſe and fall,
Then will I think of Love and you.

II.

Or where the winds in angry wrath
Diſcordant ſing a nightly ſong,
Or bitter winds from frozen North
In ice congeal the cordage ſtrong,
Then will I think of thy dear form;
So gentle me 't will ever move,
And, all regardleſs of the ſtorm,
I'll think of nought but thee and Love.

COME BACK! COME BACK!

I.

Come, for the ſummer already is here,
The ſouth wind is blowing ſoft and clear;
Serene and mild is the ſummer ſky,
The ſwallow is twittering wantonly by,—
Come back! come back!

II.

The white clouds float on the azure deep;
I, only I, am ſeen to weep:
Beautiful verdant Nature's plain,
But where art thou? Oh, once again,—
Come back! come back!

III.

A void thou, only thou, canſt fill,
Makes me yearn for thy preſence ſtill;
A void when on my couch I lie,
And makes at morn my morning ſigh,—
Come back! come back!

IV.

The trees have all loſt their wintry hue,
And the buds look bright with the morning's dew;
The throſtle ſings with enraptured ſtrain
To welcome the glad bright ſpring again,—
Come back! come back!

V.

The roſes are ſweet as ever they were,
And the jeſſamin chaſte to deck thy hair;
The robin takes his accuſtomed meal,
Poor bird! he has not a grief to feel,—
Come back! come back!

VI.

For though all is beautiful, all is bright,
To me 't is ſad as the wintry night;
I care not how beautiful all may appear,
'T is nought to me, unleſs thou art near,—
Come back! come back!

I.

She hears me not! her voice is mute
That once was ſweet as the dulcet lute!
Her forehead is pale as the drifting snow,
And Nature's fount hath ceaſed to flow.

II.

She hears me not! her raven hair
Hangs liſtleſs now—'t was once ſo fair;
And her coral lips have loſt their hue:
The roſe on her cheek hath vaniſhed, too,—
She never can come back!

LINES TO LADY GERTRUDE.

I.

THE ſtars of the evening are beauteous to ſee;
Lady, ſweet lady, they tell me of thee:
When I gaze on the firmament far, far away,
In the ſtill of the night,
Each gem of the heavens
Brings thee to my ſight.
The ſtar of my deſtiny, Gertrude, oh, couldſt thou be ſo,
No more ſhould earth chain me to woe;
To win thy love, no knightly deed
Of danger vaſt would I decline;
Happy, thrice happy for thee to bleed,
Unutterable bliſs to call thee mine!

II.

Whene'er a lovely flower I ſee,
Gertrude
It ſeems to ſay to me.
I gaze, and leave it on its ſtem;
'T were ſacrilege to touch the gem
A thought of thee inſpires.

III.

I gaze and thank the pretty flow'ret bright
That bringeth thee unto my ſight:
Created by a Power divine,
No work of art can match its ſkill;
Though fair, not half ſo fair as Gertrude mine.
Sweet flower, ſweet thought of Gertrude to inſtil.

IV.

The birds that roam the ambient air,
Gertrude ſing they everywhere;
Through the tangled moſſy dell,
Where the violet loves to dwell,
And the warbling note is heard
Of each foreſt-bird.
Gertrude they all ſeem to ſay,
So I think of thee alway:
Even the lark,
Away, away,
In the bright blue ſky,
Gertrude ſingeth he alway,—
So thou art ever nigh.

v.

A moment—now—he clears his throat,
Then burſteth forth his joyous note;
But what that note he doth eſſay,
Gertrude
'T is to me alway.
Sweet bird! ſing on in heaven high,
Though I ſee thee not in the diſtant ſky;
And thy ſweet note to me ſhall Gertrude be,
For oh! the thought of her is heaven, indeed, to me.

vi.

The clouds in maſſive volumes white
Float ſlowly in the ether blue;
In the bright ſummer's golden light,
Far as the eye can view,
The zephyrs floating by,
Gertrude they all ſeem to ſigh:
Thus the zephyrs ſeem to ſay.
So I think of thee alway,
The ſtar of my deſtiny.
Lady! oh, couldſt thou be ſo,
No more ſhould earth chain me to woe.

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